

## THE JONES FAMILY #1

AARON JONES was born in South Carolina on October 23, 1812. Nothing is known of his early life, nor of his parents. He evidently was brought up in the church, because he was a religious young man, and felt a 'call' to preach. He was a member of the Methodist Church.

John Wesley's Methodism was well adapted to the sparsely settled communities on the new frontiers as the ~~Southern~~ <sup>new</sup> people moved westward. The Methodist system of circuit riding made it possible for an individual minister to reach many settlements a month. Riding horseback, these ministers worked every day, six days a week, seeking to bring their worship services to scattered Methodists everywhere, and to convert those that were not Methodist to their church. These early ministers preached anywhere they could get a group to listen; in taverns, log cabins, or in the open, visiting all the Methodist Churches along the way and visiting new communities where a church might be started. They would start 'classes' and trained 'class leaders' to carry on their work after they had gone on to the next stop in their circuit. They depended upon 'lay' or 'local' preachers to carry on in their absence. These amateur lay preachers, like the Baptist farmer-preachers, were often uneducated men, full of zeal, with a natural eloquence that could move the most stubborn of souls.

Aaron Jones became an itinerant, circuit-riding Methodist preacher. It is not known how long he had been at this work with the Methodist Church when he met a young lady and fell in love.

Elizabeth had been born on February 4, 1815. She was eighteen, a member of Aaron's faith, and to the young Southern minister, she seemed the embodiment of everything that was sweet and good. To Elizabeth, the young, twenty-one years old, spiritual leader was deserving of her respect, admiration, and undying devotion. (Besides that, he wasn't too bad looking, either.) One thing led to another and they were married on December 5, 1833.

Although descendants of this happy couple kept careful note of the date of their wedding, they failed to preserve the site of the happy event. We do not know the place of their residence, but we do know that they had a wonderous year and a half together before tragedy struck. They were completely happy and delighted when they had a little son born in the spring of 1835. But it was a terrible loss to Aaron when his beloved wife failed to get over the birth of his son, and died on June 9, a month after his child was born. It was a dark time for Aaron, and he must have felt it was a time to try his soul.

When next we catch up with Aaron Jones, he is still with the Methodist Church. It is five years later, in 1840, and he is now in DeKalb County, Georgia. One of the churches on his circuit is a Methodist Church in the nearby sleepy village of Atlanta. This part of Georgia is more settled now and some very nice churches are being built by the plantation owners as they grow more affluent from their slaves and cotton. The Atlanta church has some members who are from the upper segment of the social world.

One such Methodist family from Aaron's church was the Terry family. A native of South Carolina, Mr. Terry had, in addition to his farming interests, other business ventures which allowed him to lead the comfortable life of a Southern gentleman. Among other things, he owned the water system that supplied the town of Atlanta with water. He was probably, even at that early date, investigating ways and means of inducing some of those new railway companies

to route some of their roads through Atlanta. The idea of railroads coming to the village was fraught with possibilities.

One of his biggest assets was his beloved daughter, Miss Harriet. She had been born back in South Carolina in 1818 and she had been given the best of upbringing and now was a well-bred young lady. He had wished that she would pick a suitable man and get married. So far she had shown no interest in having a husband. He had introduced her to one eligible man that would make an excellent business partner, but Harriet would do no more toward him than to remain very polite and aloof. Most girls married when they were sixteen but Hattie was already twenty-two. There were some who would already consider her to be an old maid.

To Hattie, the men her father brought home were boring. They all thought the same things, they all said the same things, and they all treated her like she was a piece of fragile porcelain that was too fragile to touch. Yes, they were boring. And her life was boring. To pass the time she began to involve herself more with the charity organizations in the Methodist Church.

When Hattie first met the tragic figure of Rev. Jones, her heart reached out to him. A little shabby, he looked as if he needed someone to look after him and see that he had some good meals. Sometimes he would bring his little son along, riding on the front of his saddle. The five year old boy needed a mother. Hattie invited the pair of waifs home for dinner.

Aaron's and Hattie's interest in each other began to grow and bloom. Mr. Terry was appalled when the good Reverend called to ask for his daughter's hand in marriage. Oh, no, not this, he thought. I want a better life for my Harriet. He explained to Aaron that he couldn't allow his daughter to marry an ill-paid traveling preacher and to go traipsing off to God knows where with no servants to even do the heavy part of the work. His daughter was a lady and couldn't be expected to do cooking and housework like an ordinary cracker's wife. He forbade the marriage.

But Hattie said she would marry Aaron Jones with or without his blessing. And she did. They were married on August 13, 1840, right there in DeKalb County. Mr. Terry said for her to go and to darken his door no more. Hattie was disowned.

A little over a year after they were married in DeKalb County, Georgia, Aaron Jones with Hattie, with six year old "Danny" and their new baby son Washington Jones, all loaded onto an old log wagon that Aaron had bought and headed west to start a new home. They had hardly any money but they were happy and life seemed good as they headed for a new life and new adventures.

The Jones family arrived in Lauderdale County, Mississippi in about 1842. They didn't have enough money to buy land, so they must have found a small place to rent somewhere. Aaron started up his ministry. Somewhere in his preaching about the county, Hays Rodgers, a plantation owner from northwest of Marion near Ruching Store, heard Rev. Jones preach. Rodgers, a Methodist himself, had long thought it a shame that in order to go to hear good Methodist preachin' he had to take his family all the way over to Sookalina, or all the way to town. He had thought how nice it would be if they had a Methodist Church closer to home.

Rodgers spoke to others that he knew that were Methodists. The Lackeys, the Maggards, others about the neighborhood thought it would be a good idea to try to get some sort of a church built. But where to put it? Hays Rodgers said that was no problem; he could spare four, five acres or so, and they

would be more than welcome to build it right there on his land. He even knew a place that was right on the road and had a big spring near it that would be a good place to get water. Then someone spoke up and asked where were they going to get a Methodist preacher? Hays Rodgers beamed.

Rodgers went to see Rev. Jones. Jones was elated at the thought of having his very own church, but was there any place around where he could live and maybe plant a little cotton? Rodgers said he's have to put some thought on that problem.

Then it came to him. Just down the hill from where the church would be at about a mile's distance, Sam Griffith had bought some land dirt cheap from James Horne who had bought it for taxes. The land had never been cleared and developed for farming and was still pretty much in its virgin condition. The former owners had bought it for investment to sell later when prices had gone up and nobody had ever lived on it except for maybe a squatter or a trapper or two. The only reason Griffith had bought it was because he got it so cheap. He'd see Griffith and see if he would let Rev. Jones live there in exchange for clearing and improving the land.

Hays Rodgers went to see Griffith about letting their new preacher stay farm his 80 acre tract of land. After some discussion. Griffith said it would be all right, and Rodgers heaved a sigh of relief. Now all they would have to do would be to build a church!

The Jones family moved to the country in the late 1840's. Their first home was a rude log cabin that wasn't big enough for them. Their family had been blessed with two more children since their arrival in Mississippi. This time they had had two daughters, whom Aaron had named Sarah Elizabeth and Martha Jane. They were able to make do with the cabin, but one wonders if Hattie ever thought about what her father had said about being a poor preacher's wife. Perhaps not. Her life was too busy to have much time to sit and think.

The Methodist families from all around got together to build the new church up on the Rodgers' hill. They all brought their dinner and arrived by ox cart or wagon, with a few coming in their fancy buggies. Some of the men brought a slave or two to help out with the heavy work. Even some of the Baptist neighbors showed up to do their bit. They were thinking, maybe, of the big dinner that would be served and the comradery of being with the other men of the community. But that didn't matter. They all came, worked, visited, had a good time. And when the day was over, they had a beautiful new Methodist Church. They named it Poplar Springs in honor of the great white-barked trees growing on the hillside where they got their drinking water.

The good Lord seemed to bless the Jones family over the next few years. It seemed that never had cotton grown so full or produced so much per acre. They raised hogs and produced all the hams and bacon they could use, and had some left over to sell. They had started a herd of beefeves and had milch cows that gave plenty of milk for their growing family. They were saving all the cash they could, because someday they wanted to buy their own farm and become landowners. They were expensive, but Aaron had used some of their savings to buy a few slaves to help with the considerable work that was required on the farm. The first one he bought was a young girl that was big enough to help Hattie with the housework. The slave hadn't been trained properly and Hattie had a time teaching her the proper way to keep house. But the

better they were trained the more they cost, and they were trying to save all they could right now.

Aaron enjoyed being the leader of the his flock at his church. He liked to be called upon in times of trouble or when his people needed his council. He liked the feeling of importance he had of being an important person in the community. He enjoyed seeing his family all sitting in the pews before him on Sunday mornings as he preached and exhorted his followers to turn away from sin and be saved. There had been a slave balcony built around the back of the church and Aaron insisted that all his slaves be present at the church each Sunday. He felt that even if they were heathens, their souls needed attention, too. They needed to learn to bow to their master's will and to be happier with their lot in life.

As 1850 came, Rev. Jones, twenty-eight years old, was feeling pretty smug about his life. Everything seemed to be going his way, until death again touched the Jones family.

The two little girls, Sarah Elizabeth and Martha Jane, were the joy of Aaron's life. He loved to hear their childrens' voices as they played about the house. In April they both became ill with some childhood disease. Martha Jane, the five year old, died on April 19, 1850. Ten days later, Sarah Elizabeth, who at eight was stronger of the two, lost her battle with the disease and died on April 29. They were both buried in the cemetery at the new Poplar Springs Methodist Church.

In the year 1850 it seemed to be one thing after another happening in the preacher's family. Aaron and Hattie almost had enough money to buy their eighty acres from Sam Griffith. In July Mr. Griffith brought another gentleman by to look the place over. The Jones must have felt sick when the man, James P. Dement, bought the land where Jones lived, and the joining 160 acres as well. This sale took place on 19th of July.

James Dement had been a printer and had published a small newspaper in Columbus, Miss. He had sold out and gone to DeKalb, up in Kemper County, but not finding what he wanted there, had moved down to Marion. It is not known why he purchased the 440 acres of land from Sam Griffith; he may have had some idea of turning from printing and becoming a farmer, or maybe he, too, was speculating in land sales. He told Aaron that he could stay on the place and finish the crop year. Thomas S.M. Clark, Aaron's neighbor who was farming the other 160 acres of the Griffith land, was also told he would have to make other arrangements for the coming year.

A little later the census taker came around, taking information for the 1850 census. It must have hurt to tell the agent that they did not own the farm but were just renting. Seems like everyone ought to have a home to call their own.

That fall Aaron and Tom Clark went to see Mr. Dement about buying their farms. The outcome was that on October 19, 1850, Thomas S. M. Clark bought the East  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the northwest quarter of Section 3, and Aaron Jones bought the West  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the same quarter. Jones also bought the East  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the northeast quarter of Section 4. Aaron and Hattie now owned 160 acres. All their very own.

The following January (1851) Tom Clark saw that there was no hope of buying more land near, so he sold out his 80 acres to Aaron. This sale brought Aaron Jones' total acreage to 440. Now that he was a landowner with a fine farm, it was time to build a decent house.

Aaron Jones and his two sons, Danny (16) and Wash (10), got to work

alongside their slave and cut logs from their own woods. When it came time to get them to the building site, Harriet cooked a big dinner and they invited the neighbors over for a log rolling.

The house that they built was what was called a double log cabin. The front was two big cabins joined together by a wide, open hall. On the back they built another big room onto the cabin on the north side, with a smaller shed room attached to that. There was a wide porch that crossed the entire front of the house and another wide porch along the side of the two back rooms. The back porch was almost an extention of the front hallway.

The house was built in the southern end of the northwest quarter of Section 3, on a narrow track that led northward to the Alsa Pace farm and Pace's Church. To the south the country road led by Stokes' farm, crossed Rogers Creek before going up the hill to Poplar Springs Methodist Church.

The next ten years were peaceful, profitable, satisfying years for the Jones'. The family continued to grow. In November, 1851, another daughter, Amanda, was born, followed by Laura in 1854, Stephen in 1856, Mary Florence in 1858, and Parks in 1860. To Aaron and Hattie, the time passed quickly, caught up as they were in the activities of their church and community and with the running of their farm and home. Aaron was 48 years old in 1860, and Hattie was a matronly 42 years. Aaron had been able to purchase a few more blacks to help him with his work, and his sons were growing fast.

1860  
Aaron owned 4  
slaves  
Harriet owned  
4 slaves

There was one incident that happened that made such an impression on the family that it was never forgotten. Aaron whipped one of his slave girls.

It happened when Hattie was still in bed following the birth of one of her babies. The girl was in the kitchen making coffee to take to Miss Hattie. For some reason she was miffed with her mistress. Maybe Mistress had been too demanding or too particular about the way the work had to be done. Whatever the reason was, the slave wanted to get shed of her mistress forever. She went out and got some poisonous Jemison Weed that was growing on the place and mashing it up, she put some of the sap into Hattie's cup of coffee. The girl did not see that Wash Jones had come up and was watching from the doorway. When he saw what the girl was doing, he told her that he would take Ma her coffee, and sent the girl on some errand. After she had gone, Wash poured the "doctored" coffee out and took a fresh cup to his Ma.

When Aaron came in that evening, Wash told him about what the slave had done. Never in their life had any of them seen Aaron so angry. In a white heat of fury he grabbed the slave and tied her to a post on the back porch. Taking his horse-whip, he whipped and beat the girl mercilessly. His own children became afraid and ran into the house to hide. By the time he realized what he was doing, the unfortunate girl was nearly dead. Descendants forgot what ever became of the slave, but they never forgot the whipping she got that day, and have passed the story down.

1. This house is still being used today. It was remodeled in the 1920's by Curtis G. and Minnie (New) Snowden. They closed off the hallway, enclosed the back porch and made it into a dining room and kitchen. They added another back porch to the side where the old porch had been. Some of the logs were removed, or covered with weatherboarding. The house was painted white, a new roof replaced the hand riven board shingles. The Snowdens lived there all their married life and reared their family in that house. It has changed hands since and been remodeled again. It is presently the home of Janie Smith and Katie Everitt and is in very good condition. Aaron Jones' house is now around 135 years old. (1987)

*Start  
1866 here*

Slowly through the years, changes came in the neighborhood. In 1858 the George Chandler family bought up a lot of the land down at the southern end of the community on Rogers Creek and started a rather large plantation. He had sold a plantation in Alabama and had arrived with the means to get off to a good start. Aaron had heard that Chandler owned over a hundred slaves. Aaron was glad to have him as a neighbor; Mr. Chandler was a staunch Methodist and became a member of Aaron's flock.

In the early fiftys, Albartus Prince had started buying up land over in Section 9 on the other road, about two miles southwest of the Jones. Rev. Jones didn't have a lot of contact with that poor soul, as Mr. Prince seemed to have a problem with old Demon Rum.

Closer to home there was a gentleman that had moved in and bought out several small farmers, including the Stokes family just down the road, and that was Mr. Moses Warren. The Warrens were from a fine old Virginia family and seemed to be well-bred Southern aristocrats in every way. Aaron thought well of Moses Warren, but was disappointed to learn that Moses was a Baptist and moved his letter to the Fellowship Baptist Church over at Gumlog.

But of course, Rev. Jones' oldest and best friend was his first benefactor, Hays Rodgers, who lived up on the hill the other side of Poplar Springs Church. Mr. Rodgers was showing his age now and all but the youngest of his large family were married and taking care of their own families. He had some fine sons.

For a time, whenever the men got together, all they could talk about was States Rights, Northern abolitionists and going to war to put a stop to all this Yankee foolishness. The Reverend listened and held his own council for a while, but at last he was caught up in the fervor and excitement of the times and if he had been a few years younger and didn't have all those sweet children to raise, why, by God, he would have put on a uniform and gone off to teach those vile Northerners their manners, himself. He may have even said as much from the pulpit.

When the war finally started, Aaron was proud to send off Daniel and Washington Jones to join the other young men to go and whip those Yankees. He was pleased when Hattie and the girls made them little gifts, a wee needle case, an extra pair of knit socks, to take along. They all left on the train over at Marion Station amidst flag-waving and band music and high excitement. Back home, it was much quieter around the house. In the months ahead, many times Aaron must have asked, Lord, what have I done? Have I done the right thing?

The first two years of the Civil War weren't bad where they were, out on their farm. Hattie fussed about the high price of calico and other store-bought goods, and it was virtually impossible to replace a plow or to get a new hoe, but they had plenty of food from their farm to eat, and they made out all right. There had been sadness about the neighborhood, as young Tom Chandler was killed, and then the Rodgers' son, James. One by one the boys that he had known were killed or wounded, or word would be sent that they were in some Yankee prison. Almost every house had its own hero to mourn. Two of the Warren sons died, three more of the Rodgers boys; the names kept coming. Almost every day Aaron would ride over to Rushing Store to look at the lists, searching to see if his sons names were there.

In the summer of 1862, death did come, but not from where it was expected. Their baby boy, Aaron's namesake, a bright two year old little fellow that showed a lot of promise, Aaron Parks Jones, died. With sadness they buried him beside his two older sisters in the Methodist Church cemetery. How long,

oh Lord, how long?

But it continued. In 1863 Mrs. Rodgers died of an illness, followed not long afterward by Aaron's good friend, Hays. Aaron wondered if Hays could have died of a broken heart. Aaron presided over the dear old couple's burials. Later, he and Alsa Pace from up the road and Mr. Maggard had the sad task of taking the inventory of his estate to be divided between those left of his children.

They sent for Aaron to come over to the Warrens'. Mr. Moses, he done taken mighty sick. Hattie grabbed her bonnet and went along to see if there was any way she could help Sidney. Sidney Warren was her closest neighbor and they were always helping each other out.

Aaron and Hattie did all they could, but in the end, dear old Mr. Moses Warren died.

Vicksberg had fallen! The news put a chill on all their hearts. There was nothing to stop those Damn Yankees now. Gen. Forrest was too far outnumbered as the bluecoats started eastward toward Newton and Meridian. The Confederates hit and ran, hit and ran, trying to slow their approach, but seeing that he would be over-run in the end, Gen. Forrest had retreated to Aoabama. Well, there was no help to come from any quarter now. It was all in the Lord's hands.

And the Lord did send help, in the form of none other than Washington Jones! Dirty, exhausted, hungry, ragged, Wash showed up at the Jones farm one day. They couldn't believe their eyes. Their son had come back. He was with a group that happened to be not too many miles away and somehow he had managed to get a ride home. He ate and ate, and everyone talked at the same time. Hattie probably sent him down to the creek to scrub himself good to get rid of any 'hitch-hikers' on him before she let him get into any of her clean beds. He could stay a day or two before he had to go back. As luck would have it, a Yankee patrol came through while Wash was at home.

Wash had slept late the next morning and Aaron hadn't the heart to wake him. Hattie thought that this was a good chance to get her weeks' washing out. She and her girls had all the clean clothes strung out on the lines when one of the neighbor's boys came running to tell them that some Yankees were on the way. Oh, dear Jesus, so soon? What to do? Quick, Mary, run and get Wash up! Where did Aaron get pff tp? Milt! MILT! Where's your father?

Wash came bounding out of the house in his drawers and snatched what passed for his Confederate uniform off the line. As he quickly put on his clothes, thoughts raced through his mind. From what he had seen, the first place those sonnafa bit-- yeah, the first place they'll look will be in the smokehouse. He sent Milt to the barn to turn out the calves and chase them off to the woods. He said for him to chase the hogs off that way, if he saw any up near the house. He told Laura to take the old mule out of the lot and go tie him to a tree a way back into the woods. Then he and Stephen started clearing the smokehouse of all the hams and sides of bacon that they could carry. They jammed the meat through the crawl-hole into the attic and went back for more. Amanda and little Mary were helping Ma bring the jars of peaches and blackberries that they had worked so hard to preserve and passed them up to the attic. When the smokehouse was cleaned out, Wash took his soldier's rifle and climbed up and told Stephen to button the door behind him. Hattie had just grabbed her Bible and gone to sit on the front porch, her children grouped behind her chair, when the four Union soldiers rode up. Hattie sat, stiff and proud, and tried not to show how her insides were quivering.

They asked for her husband. Hattie said she didn't know where he was. Any men about the place? No. Got anything around here to eat? No. The soldiers didn't believe her, started searching. Finding nothing outside, they came into the house to look around. About to go, one of them spotted the crawl-hole. What's up there? He grinned at his comrade and reached for the ladder. The trep-door flung open, and Wash poked his head through the opening.

"The first one of you bastards that tries to climb up that ladder is going to get his head blown to hell off!" he said.

The startled soldiers stumbled over each other getting out the door.

The Yankees grabbed their horses and retreated down the road a way. After a short conference, they started to ride away. No, wait, here comes one of them back! The Yank spurred his horse and rode into the yard at a gallop. Without checking his speed, he rode by the clothesline and snatched off one of Hattie's clean pillowcases. He made a detour out to the bee hives and swung off his horse. Knocking over a hive, he quickly scooped up handfulls of honeycombs and put them into the pillowcase. He returned to the road and trotted on off to join the rest of the patrol.

Years later, Amanda Jones Vincent told her grand children that she would never to her dying day forget the sight of that Yankee soldier trotting off down the road, leaving a trail of dripping honey behind him in the sand.

When the war ended, there was not much cause for rejoicing. Grim days of hardship lay ahead. Those boys that survived the fighting came home to broken homes, ruined farms, nothing. Unused fields had grown up during their absence and tools with which to start over had worn out and busted or disappeared. Land taxes had gone sky high and many lost their farms.

Aaron Jones had much to be thankful for. He had managed to keep his farm going all through the war, although without help, he had had to cut down on his acres under cultivation. There wasn't any money anywhere, and the high cost of seed worked a real hardship every spring at planting time. His land, after growing cotton so steadily all these years, was producing less and less cotton. He would like to use more fertilizer, but that, also, would cost him more money than he had. But still he was thankful that both his sons had come home, all in one piece. It touched his heart to see those lads that had lost a limb in the war. They were the real heros.

Daniel seemed like his old self, except a little older and quieter. But Wash, well, he couldn't quite put his finger on it, but Wash wasn't the same any more.

Wash had found himself a wife while he was away in the army. He worked hard and had taken up carpentering, but seemed like he just couldn't stand to be around people any more. He was so jumpy. Well, he would pray about it.

The Jones family had one more child born about the time the war ended. She was a pretty little thing, and they had named her Ida Louella. Then the family started growing again as the older children began to get married.

Amanda was the first daughter to get married. She had begged for Aaron to let her buy some kind of special cloth to make her wedding dress. It was in the fall of 1873 and they'd had a pretty good crop that year, better than usual, and his girls didn't get fancy clothes very often any more. He let her get the goods and she had spent weeks sewing her wedding dress. It had yards in the skirt and she made it all herself. Perched up in the middle of the bed so she wouldn't get it dirty off the floor, she sewed away in her tiny, even stitches. She made a glowing, happy bride when she married

her housepainter, young Felix Vincent, in January of 1873. Five years after they married, they were able to buy the old Warren home and so lived near Aaron and Hattie as they grew older.

As Aaron and Hattie got older, they had a harder and harder time making a living on their farm. Several years Aaron was forced to borrow money to be able to buy seed and fertilizer to make his crop. They always managed, by being very careful, to scrapé by.

Rev. Aaron Jones died on February 4, 1886, and was buried at Poplar Springs Methodist Church. Harriet Jones died four years later on December 9, 1890.

Although the exact date has been lost with the passage of time, it must have been around the time of their deaths that the Poplar Springs Methodist Church burned. Although the old site was used around 1900 by a congregation of black people for a brush-arbour church, there never was any attempt made to rebuild the origional church. The Methodist Rodgers family moved away soon after the Civil War, the Chandler children all married and moved from the community, the Rev. Jones' death, all were contributing factors in the closing of the old church. The burning of the old building was the final blow.

## CHILDREN OF REV. AARON JONES

### I. DANIEL FRAIZER JONES

Born: May 11, 1835, (DeKalb Co, Ga?) Died: Sept. 10, 1877

Married: Nora E. Brice, May 26, 1875, Brandon, Miss.

The only child of Rev. Jones' first wife, Elizabeth, came to Mississippi when he was a little boy. He fought with Confederate Army in the Civil War. Was forty years old when he married a lady in Brandon, Miss. He died two years later. It is believed that he had no children.

### II. WASHINGTON SMITH JONES

Born: April 19, 1841, DeKalb Co, Ga. Died: Bur. at Vet's Cem. at Vicksburg.

Married: (1) Mary Lucretia Williams, March 22, 1864, Choctaw Co, Ala.

(2) Nellie Smith (Aunt Puss)

Was brought to Mississippi by his parents while he was yet an infant. Fought with Confederate Army in Civil War. Was married at the courthouse in Butler, Choctaw County, Alabama, in a wartime marriage. Had three children, all by first wife.

Wash had what in later wars was called combat fatigue and was never able to emotionally adjust after the war. He couldn't stand to be around people very much without becoming agitated. However, he continued to work at being a carpenter and would do very well if left alone. He helped Ed Hooks, who had married his niece, Ida Vincent, to build their house in Pine Springs.

Wash had been placed in the Veteran's Hospital at Vicksburg, Mississippi, and was there when he died. Was buried at Veteran's Cemetery in Vicksburg. Children:

1. ALBERT JONES m. (?) Lived in Meridian, Ms.

2. MILLIE JONES

3. EMMA A. E. JONES 1871-1871, 8 days old. Bur. old Poplar Springs Cem.

### III. SARAH ELIZABETH JONES

Born: March 19, 1843, Miss. Died: April 29, 1850

Died, eight years old, bur. at old Poplar Springs Methodist Church

### IV. MARTHA JANE JONES

Born: Nov. 11, 1845, Miss. Died: April 19, 1850

Died, five years old, bur. at Old Poplar Springs Meth. Church.

### V. MILTON BANARD JONES

Born: March 5, 1848, Miss. Died: Meridian, Ms.

Married: Sarah E. Whitington, Sept. 6, 1877, Meridian, Ms.

Was living on South Side in Meridian in 1906, when home was destroyed by the big tornado that did so much damage to city.

Children:

1. LEWIS JONES

2. (ANOTHER SON)

3. LULA JONES m. Gus Campbell, lived in Meridian.

Children: (Not in order of birth)

A. Russell Campbell

E. Cecil Campbell

B. Ralph Campbell

F. Jack Campbell

C. Bonnie Campbell

G. Maylene Campbell

D. Sarah Campbell

H. Susie Campbell

4. CARRIE JONES m. Christifer, lived in Meridian.  
Children:
  - A. Hubert Christifer
  - B. Dorothy Christifer
5. CAMILLE KATHRINE JONES m. Hubert Alonzo Ray, lived in Meridian.  
Children:
  - A. Soto Camille Ray m. William Lloyd Parker

VI. AMANDA MAHALAH JONES

Born: Nov. 16, 1851, Pine Springs Died: May 7, 1933, bur. Poplar Springs Cem.  
Married: FELIX G. VINCENT (qv) Jan 25, 1873, Pine Springs, Lauderdale Co, Ms. He  
was a son of Francis M. and Sarah A. Vincent.

Amanda was born and grew up in Pine Springs, was 12-13 years old during  
Civil War. She hand-stitched her own wedding dress, sitting in middle of  
her bed so she wouldn't get it dirty on the floor. Was married at her father's  
home in Pine Springs.

Felix bought land from Sidney Warren, widow of Moses Warren, in 1878. The  
remodeled the old log Warren home and lived there the rest of their life.

Children: (For more details, see Vincent family history.)

1. LELIA ELIZABETH VINCENT 1874-1940, Did not marry.
2. THOMAS PRESTON VINCENT 1876-1978, Did not marry.
3. IDA PEARL VINCENT 1878-1978, m. Henry Edward Hooks
4. FRANCIS "FRANK" AARON VINCENT 1880-1948, m. Edna Morrow
5. NANNIE VIOLA VINCENT 1883-1941, Did not marry.
6. MINNIE AMANDA VINCENT 1886-1958, m. Joseph Andrew Townsend
7. JAMES OLIVER "OLLIE" VINCENT 1889-1923, m. Mollie Denton
8. LEWIS FELIX VINCENT 1892-1941, m. Florence Huffmaster
9. CHARLES "CHARLEY" BENJAMIN VINCENT 1895-198\_, m. Adelle Walston

VII. LAURA RALSTON JONES

Born: Feb. 27, 1854, Pine Springs Died: Sept. 18, 1915

Married: DELAMOS LAFAYETTE THOMPSON, Feb. 11, 1875, Pine Springs, Lauderdale Co.

Thompson was born near Meridian in 1845. They moved to Jonesboro, Arkansas  
where they had ~~eight~~ <sup>7</sup> children.

Children:

1. MARY EUGENIE THOMPSON 1875-1939, m. Thomas Clingman Morgan (d. 1940) in  
1914, lived in Prescott, Ark, where both are bur.  
Children: Three, stillborn.
2. FREDERICK AARON THOMPSON 1877-1919, unmarried, d. Roswell, NM, bur. Jonesboro
3. NONIE GERTRUDE THOMPSON 1880-1950, m. Wm. Leroy Jeter, Dec. 25, 1901.  
Lived Jonesboro, Ark, owned machine mfg. co.  
Children:
  - A. Winston Jeter 1902-1963, m. \_\_\_\_\_, Divorced, no children.
  - B. Mack Robert Jeter 1907-19\_\_\_\_\_, m. Madelyn Berryman, 1926, 2 daughters.
4. JOHN LEWIS THOMPSON 1883-1929, Bachelor, lived in Ark.
5. HUGH JOSEPH THOMPSON 1887-1948, m. Alice Irene Rush, Apr. 10, 1910, liv. N.M.  
Children:
  - A. Jack Thompson 1911- m. (1) Katherine Anderson (b 1916) of Kansas  
(2 sons /first wife) (2) Mary Lou Hambright
6. DANIEL LLOYD THOMPSON 1892-1951, m. (1) Edith Walker (2) Edna Spence  
Lived in Colorado, bur. Denver. No children.
7. MARGARET THOMPSON 1895-1895, stillborn.

VIII. STEPHEN RALSTON JONES

Born: Feb. 6, 1856, Pine Springs Died:

Married: MINNIE LITTLE

A sawmiller, he owned a big farm at Lockhart in Lauderdale County.

After his father died, his brothers and sisters deeded their interest in the old Pine Springs homeplace to Stephen so it could be sold. Stephen sold all his father's land in Section 3 and 4 to Spinks Jones (no relation) in 1899.

Children:

1. OSCAR JONES Died a young man, killed in sawmill accident.
2. MABRA JONES Died young, a log rolled on him.
3. TERRY JONES m. Amelda Butchee

Children:

- A. Terry Jones, Jr. Lived on Hwy. 39, north of Andrew's Chapel.
- B. Minnie Pearl Jones
- C. Bernice Jones
- D. Eula Mae Jones

4. CLIFF JONES m. Clair Johnson, family lived at Lockhart until after his death. Clair married again, moved away.

Children:

- A. Frances Jones
- B. (Another daughter)

5. EDNA JONES m. James "Jim" King, lived at Cliftonville, Ms, near Columbus, owned and operated a dairy farm. Had 12 Children, names lost.

IX. MARY FLORENCE JONES

Born: Dec. 10, 1858, Pine Springs Died:

Married: (1) JOHN O<sup>W</sup>H<sup>E</sup>TON, around 1889-90. He was her bro.-in-law, widower of her sister, Ida. (2) JOSEPH "JOE" WELLS. Joseph Selby Wells Sr. (1844-1922)

Florence's baby sister, Ida, married John Houston, had three children, then died. Florence then married John and took care of Ida's three children. Then she and John had a little girl.

The exact date has been lost, but sometime in the early 1890's, a terrible incident happened.

Not long after the old mother, Hattie Jones died in 1890, Florence and John Houston were still living in the old Jones home in Pine Springs. Florence had a black woman, name now unknown, helping her do her wash. Florence took off her wedding band so she wouldn't lose it in the wash water, and laid it down near the well. Later, she missed her ring and went back outside to get it and it was gone. Quite agitated, she looked everywhere for the ring and even said that the black woman may have taken it. It is not known if she ever found her ring.

The black woman was upset at being called a thief and went home and complained to her husband. That night, the black man came back to get his revenge. Going by the Houston's woodpile, he picked up an ax. He slipped into the open hallway and into the bedroom on the left. Somehow, the man knew there were two beds in that room, one on each side of the door. Normally, Florence slept in the bed on one side of the door with the baby, and John slept in the bed on the other side with another of the children. For some reason, they had switched sleeping arrangements for that night. The negro struck and killed John Houston with the ax, presumably thinking he was killing Florence.

Not waiting for the law to handle the matter, some men of the community

caught the murderer and hanged him. It is not known if the men bothered to wear white robes, if they were members of the Ku Klux or just very angry and frightened neighbors.

There was at that time a private wagon road that made a cut-off diagonally across the back side of the Vincent farm and came out on the main Pine Springs Road at about where today's entrance to the Pine Springs Water Park is located. A great Oak tree grew on the edge of this road, which had a large limb growing out over the road. This was supposed to be the place where the man was hanged.

They buried John Houston in the Poplar Springs Cemetery beside the others in the Jones family. There was no tombstone so it is not now known the exact date of his death. In a few years Florence married Joe Wells <sup>Joseph</sup> ~~Welby~~ <sup>Wells</sup> and they moved from the neighborhood to up around Duffee. Joe had been married before and had children when he and Florence married. One of Joe's sons married Gracie Houston, who was one of Ida and John Houston's daughters. Children: (Only child of Florence's, although she raised her husband's)

1. MABLE HOUSTON m. Welba (Wellborn?) Ford, lived at Batesville, Ms.  
Had seven children.

X. AARON PARKS JONES

Born: June 4, 1860, Pine Springs Died: July 24, 1862  
Died at age 2 during the Civil War years. Buried at Poplar Springs Church.

XI. IDA LOUELLA JONES

Born: July 5, 1865, Pine Springs Died: Sept. 14, 1888  
Married: JOHN O. HOUSTON, about 1880-82 <sup>He was son of Joseph L. (Sr.) and Elomia (Hammond) Houston of Colerainville</sup>  
After Ida died, John married Mary Florence Jones, Ida's sister.  
Children: (All reared by their aunt, Florence Houston Wells).

1. WILLIAM "WILLIE" HOUSTON
2. SIDNEY HOUSTON
3. "GRACIE" HOUSTON <sup>1885-1965</sup> m. ALLEN G. Wells, son of Joe Wells, above. (her step-Brother)

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1. A few years after the hanging, perhaps around 1915, Bud Byrd, Vas Byrd's youngun' from up the road, thought he'd give his friends a good scare. Knowing that a group of kids would be going by there one night on their way to a social or to preachin' or whatever, he got ready for them. He took an old white shirt and draped it around a stick and pulled it up into the old Oak tree with a plowline. That night as they approached the Oak in the dark, Bud eased out ahead and hid in the bushes. As the group neared the tree, Bud slowly lowered the shirt over the road and gave a pitiful groan. Scared all the younguns to death. Some probably got skint up a bit as they ran through the briars. Boy, did their mamas get mad! There was some talk of taking Bud Byrd to court over it, but they couldn't think of what to charge him with.

Even into the early 1930's, youngsters would enjoy frightening themselves by telling ghost stories, and the old 'hanging tree' would always come up in their talk at these times. They didn't know who was hanged there or what dark deed he was supposed to have done, but that didn't matter. SOMEBODY had been hanged there and they almost always started speaking in whispers and glancing over their shoulders if they had to pass that part of the road after dark.



21

1860

John C. Jones  
1825

Glenn, etc.

Kemper 1860

250 Green Masley 30 Ga 1830  
John C 35 ad 1825  
Spink Jones 11 mo 1849  
Calvin D Jones 7 1853  
Elva A Masley 1 mo 1860

~~Spink~~  
Jane C. Spink b. 1825, da

M. ① <sup>in</sup> ~~marie~~ Jones 1849 ② Greene Masley (b 1830)

ch. 1 Spink Jones 1849

2. Calvin D. Jones 1853

3. Elva A. Masley - 1860

marie #2  
between 1853-1860



11. MOSES D. JONES

Born: 1890, May 26

Married: Mary

Lost a leg in a logging accident. Lived in Texas.

Children:

(2) Mary g - June 24, 1892 - NOV. 21, 1895 (3)

(3) MATTIE E. JONES

Born: 1895, May 14

Died:

Married  
in LA.

LIVED in Curt Snowdon, Nevada

Died: 1895, May 14  
Oct 16 - 1897

13. GEORGE G. JONES

Born: 1898, May 10

Died: About 1970's

Married: Alma Rutledge

Logger

Lived for a while on Threefoot Place in Pine Springs, then moved to Clarke Co, Miss.

Children: Lived in little old house in Sam Kinard place - almost in front of Eliza Sheade

14. J. D. JONES

Born: 1900 July 29

Died: 193-

Married: Fairy Crenshaw, a widow of VINTON CRENshaw about 1940

Married late, had one child

Children:

1. Betty Joyce Jones

15. FELIX G. JONES

Born: 1901 May 16

Died: 1984, Colorado Springs, Texas.

Married: Flora Rich

Lived in Texas.

Children: Played Harmonica & piano

Velma Lowe

re-Copy

CINNIE

The children of Spinks and Lucinda "Genny" Jones were:

1. Minnie L. Jones, 1876-1889, died in Kemper Co., 13 years old.

2. Franklin H. Jones, 1877-, was 22 when came to Pine Springs with father.

3. Laura Caroline Jones, 1879, was 19 when she came to Pine Springs. In 1900 she married Sam D. Kinard, son of C. G. Kinard who lived near Pace's Church.

4. Thomas D. Jones 1882-1906, died at 24. An epileptic, he had a seizure while picking peanuts in the field, was found dead.

5. Stephen Jones 1884-1886, died, age 2, in Kemper Co.

6. John Wesley Jones, 1886-192, came to Pine Springs when he was 15. He married Susie Yeats, and was living near the Mississippi River in the 1920's when the river flooded. He disappeared, presumed drowned.

7. Maggie Jones, 1887-1887, Infant, buried in Kemper Co.

8. Martin M. Jones, 1888-, was 9 when came to Pine Springs, attended the local school. His first wife, a Ward, died with TB. He went to Florida, married a girl named Mamie, who had 2 children. He died in Tampa. His children

9. Moses D. Jones, 1890-, was 8 when moved to Pine Springs, attended local school

10. Mattie E. Jones, 1895-1897, died, 2 yrs. old.

11. George G. Jones 1898, was a year old when the family moved.

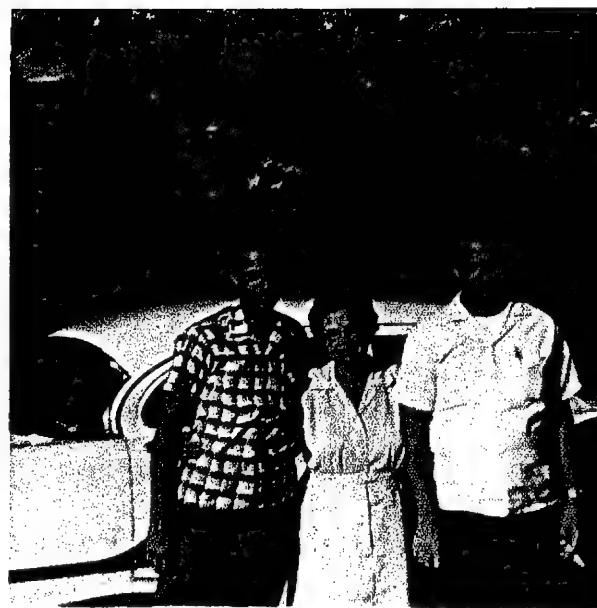
12. J. D. Jones, 1900, and Felix G. Jones, 1902, were both born in Pine Springs.

- - § - -

JONES - P



George Gardner Jones  
Minnie Alma Rutledge Jones



NORMAN Lavelle Jones, Minnie Alma  
Rutledge Jones  
John Robert Jones



Elsie Mae Jones Callahan Hughes



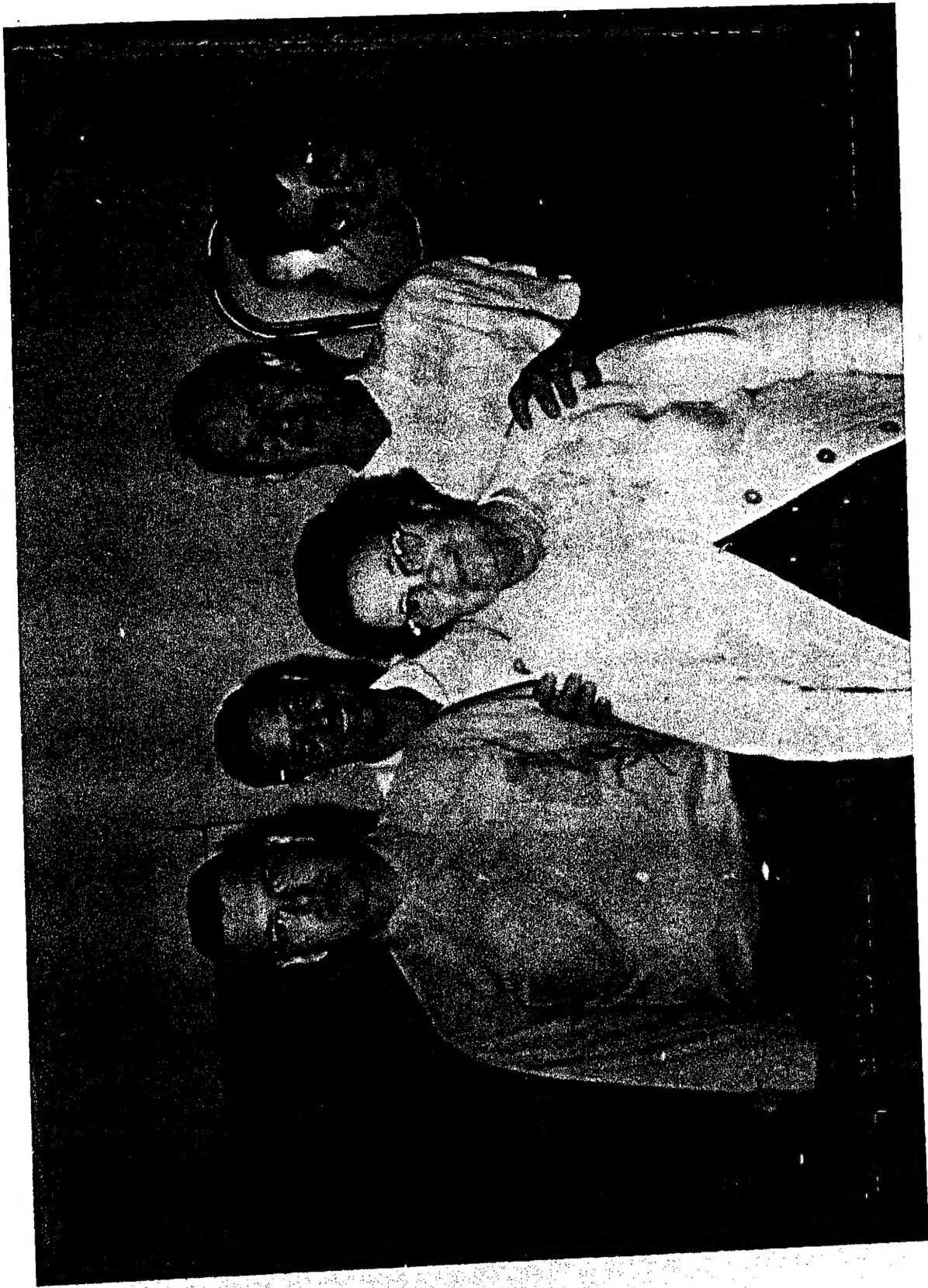
John Robert Jones  
Norman Lavelle Jones  
Minnie Alma Rutledge Jones  
Elsie Mae Jones Callahan Hughes



Elsie Mae Jones Callahan Hughes



Lavelle, Alma Rutledge Jones, and John Jones



John, Lavelle, Alma Rutledge Jones, George Gardner Jones, Elsie Mae Jones Callahan Hughes  
Jones Jones



George Gardner Jones  
Alma Rutledge Jones

(Jones + Johnson family tree)

**FAMILY GROUP No.**

This Information Obtained From:

p. 6  
p. 32, 34

Frakton

Steven R. Jones

Birth 6 Feb. 1856

Death 22 July 1924

Minnie Jenkins

Birth 3 Nov. 1860

Death 3 Mar. 1923

Compiler

Address

City, State

Date

**Husband's Full Name Clifton Clay Jones**

Husband's Name	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
Birth	9 Nov 1895	Lockhart	Lauderdale	Ms.	
Chr'nd					
Mar.	27 Dec 1925	Vinville	Lauderdale	Ms.	
Death	24 Feb 1945	Lockhart	Lauderdale	Ms.	
Burial	26 Feb 1945	"	"	"	

**Places of Residence Lockhart**

Occupation Church Affiliation

Other wives, if any, No. (1) (2) etc.  
Make separate sheet for each mar.

His Father Steven R. Jones Mother's Maiden Name Minnie Jenkins

Wife's Full Maiden Name Clara Maybell Johnson

Wife's Name	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth	5 Sept 1902	Vinville	Lauderdale	Ms.	
Chr'nd					
Death	22 Oct 1993	Marion	Lauderdale	Ms.	
Burial	25 Oct 1993	Lockhart	"	"	

Places of Residence Lockhart Ms.; Meridian Ms.

Occupation if other than Housewife Teacher Church Affiliation Methodist

Other husbands, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. ② Lake Miller

Make separate sheet for each mar.

Her Father William Lafayette Jones Mother's Maiden Name Flemmie Etta Reavis

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Name	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Children
F	1 Frances Luide Jones Full Name of Spouse* Clifford Ellis Holloway	Birth	4 Apr. 1929	Lockhart	Lauderdale	Ms.	Daughter Skipper
		Mar.	22 Dec 1946	"	"	"	
		Death					
		Burial					
F	2 Minnie Evelyn Jones Full Name of Spouse* Gene Powell Gates	Birth	4 Mar 1937	Meridian	Lauderdale	Ms.	Karen Janet Don
		Mar.	15 June 1960	"	"	"	
		Death					
		Burial					
F	3 Nancy Etta Jones Full Name of Spouse*	Birth	5 Aug 1939	Lockhart	Lauderdale	Ms.	
		Mar.					
		Death	5 Aug 1939	"	"	"	
		Burial	"	"	"	"	
4	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
5	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
6	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
7	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
8	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
9	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
10	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					

*Jones family* *King*

*(Jim)*

**FAMILY GROUP No.**

**Husband's Full Name** *James R King*

**This Information Obtained From:**

Husband's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
Birth							
Chr'nd							
Mar.							
Death							
Burial							

**Places of Residence**

**Occupation** **Church Affiliation** **Military Rec.**

*Other wives, if any, No. (1) (2) etc.  
Make separate sheet for each mar.*

**His Father**

**Mother's Maiden Name**

Wife's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth							
Chr'nd							
Death							
Burial							

**Compiler**

**Places of Residence**

**Address** **Occupation if other than Housewife** **Church Affiliation**

**City, State**

*Other husbands, if any, No. (1) (2) etc.  
Make separate sheet for each mar.*

**Date**

**Her Father**

**Mother's Maiden Name**

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Children
M	11 <i>(Sonny)</i> <i>Hugh LAMAR</i> <i>Full Name of Spouse*</i> <i>Mildred Hines</i>	Birth	Dec	12					
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
M	12 <i>Robert (Bobby)</i> <i>Full Name of Spouse*</i> <i>Felix Hayden</i>	Birth	OCT	31					
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
3	<i>Full Name of Spouse*</i>	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
4	<i>Full Name of Spouse*</i>	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
5	<i>Full Name of Spouse*</i>	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
6	<i>Full Name of Spouse*</i>	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
7	<i>Full Name of Spouse*</i>	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
8	<i>Full Name of Spouse*</i>	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
9	<i>Full Name of Spouse*</i>	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
10	<i>Full Name of Spouse*</i>	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							